Reminiscences of Father Hawley.

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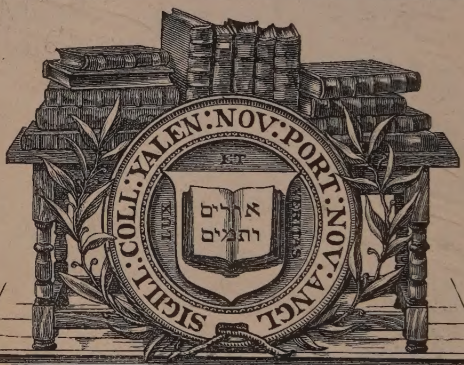

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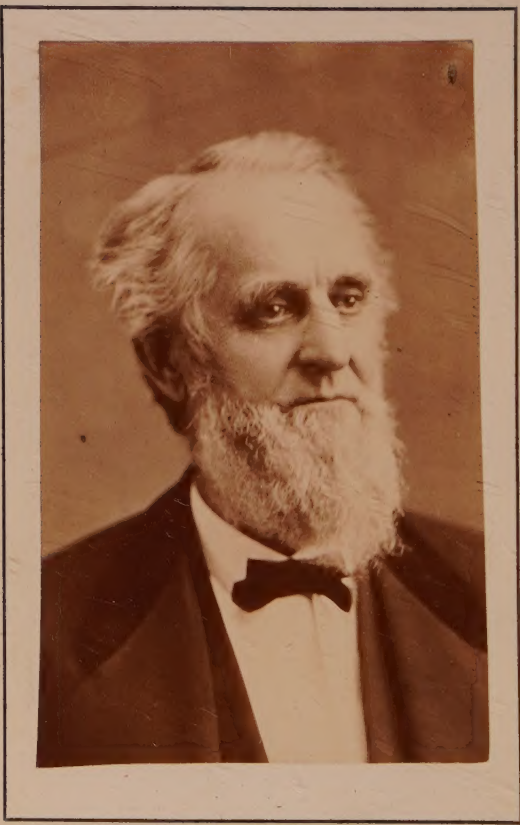

REMINISCENCES

OF

FATHER HAWLEY.

BY

N. MARIA LANDFEAR,

TEN YEARS HIS OFFICE ASSISTANT.

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TO

THOSE TO WHOM HIS "LOVE HAS BEEN A SHIELD,"

AND

ON WHOSE LOWLY HOMES AND ACHING HEARTS

THE SWEET AND PRECIOUS BENEDICTIONS OF THE DEVOTED LIFE

OF THE

BELOVED CITY MISSIONARY

CONTINUALLY DESCEND,

THIS TRIBUTE OF LOVE AND RESPECT

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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PREFACE.

No attempt has been made at giving a history of *the life* of Father Hawley—the facts are generally well known. He was born in Farmington, Conn., and lived there the quiet life of a farmer until he was forty two years of age, when on being urgently solicited, he came to Hartford as City Missionary, and immediately evinced a peculiar adaptability and love for his new calling. His labors the first few years were confined more especially to spiritual work, viz., visiting from house to house, distributing tracts, organizing Mission Sunday-schools, and striving to lead the souls of men heavenward. But during the last ten or twelve years, (since his return from Syracuse, where he spent three years engaged in the same good work,) as the city increased, and poverty and want seemed to increase, he has been obliged to devote much more of his time to the *temporal wants* of the poor, to the exclusion in a great measure—which was often greatly regretted by him—of the more congenial labors of his earlier mission work.

And thus he labored for twenty-five years, when he "fell asleep"—his busy life closing on earth the 31st of January, 1876, at the age of 67 years.

N. M. L.

INTRODUCTION.

It has been kindly suggested to me by some who have known of my long association with Father Hawley in the City Missionary work, and familiarity with his peculiar manner of dealing with the poor, that an attempt to recall a few of the scenes and incidents through which we have passed, might possess an interest, if collected for their perusal.

After thinking over my labors with him in this city, when I have sat by his side, day after day and year after year, for ten years, I am induced to make the attempt to jot down in a simple manner a few items as they occur to me, for the sake of the "old time memories," which it may be pleasant in the future to recall, and may possibly be of interest to some of his friends.

I am more encouraged in thinking this, as I recall the many days when, on returning home from a long, busy forenoon at the office, some member of the family would inquire, "Well, what has happened to-day?" I often answered, "Oh, nothing in particular," and after a time would incidentally mention some little occurrence of the morning; when, finding them interested, would continue telling others, and often entertain them during the whole dinner

hour relating the incidents,—some laughable and some pathetic,—of just that one forenoon. It *was* "nothing in particular" to me, as I had become so accustomed to these scenes from witnessing many equally interesting every day; but I have found on relating them sometimes to strangers, they would be deeply moved, and think each particular case a remarkable one.

To those who met Father Hawley in his daily life, and listened to his annual reports, little that is new may appear in these few pages; but when those we have loved have passed away, every thing connected with them puts on new interest,—and Father Hawley's was a life, each day of which was fraught with a rich experience of active, unceasing work, with the head, the heart, and the hands, for Christ and "His little ones."

Is it any marvel, then, that a life so spent, in loving, self-denying labors for the poor, the sinful, and the sorrowing, should grow rich, sweet, and beautiful, till the very Christ-likeness could be perceived shining forth in his face and in the very tones of his voice?

Much has been said, and very beautifully too, about Father Hawley, but it seems to me none too much, for as I have watched him in his daily life, weighed down as he always was with his many cares, duties, and perplexities, and witnessed the great charity and compassion which he showed toward the sinful and the erring; the gentle and womanly tenderness toward the heart-broken and the sorrowing; the brave and inspiriting manner

with which he would encourage the timid and despondent; and his earnest, straightforward way of rebuking all wrong-doing, his has seemed to me a character so strong, upright, and noble, that we do well to remember and keep it before us, and to endeavor to imitate it so far as he imitated his Saviour.

OFFICE LIFE.

Our office life, the place of which I shall principally speak, was one of almost unceasing activity during the winter months. The few warm summer months, when many of our families found ways and means of their own to rub along and take care of themselves, were less hurried, although always enough to do; but during the winter months, I think few business houses were busier than ours. We knew no "dull times," and never lacked for "customers." Perhaps it may seem almost incredible, but by actual count we received from one to two hundred calls a day, and averaged one thousand calls a week, during the five coldest winter months, for a number of years past.

Twenty thousand calls in twenty weeks! each one with a want of some kind, which must be met and supplied, and this, be it remembered, was only in the *forenoon* from half past eight to twelve; his afternoons were employed in going about among these families, investigating the claims of new applicants, and finding new cases of destitution. There is something so wearing in all this—this drain upon the sympathy—seeing crowds of people before you all the forenoon, day after day, all in sorrow or in

want, all needing your help, and *the best* you can do for them. One comes up and takes the chair by the desk, which Father Hawley pleasantly termed "the anxious seat," and you hear his story of want, and you feel so sorry for him; then another takes the vacant chair, and tells a story equally sad, and you are *so sorry* for that one, too; but is quickly followed by another, just as pitiful, and your heart aches for *him*;—and so it goes, till one almost looks about in bewilderment, wondering if there is any brightness anywhere.

And so is it any wonder that the dear old man, with his great, warm heart, after living through twenty-five years of such scenes as these, should be "tired to death," and lie down to die?

"I don't do my business on the eight-hour plan," he frequently said; he oftener worked seventeen hours than less, and besides, when our pressure of business was greatest, he would lie awake for hours at night, thinking over his families—of some who he felt sure were needing his help, but were too sensitive to call,—that he must visit them next day; then wondering what benevolent man would furnish him a coat that he could give to a poor fellow he is striving to save from a drunkard's life and death; and how the poor sick widow, with her little ones depending upon her, will get along through the cold winter, and what he can do for them; and sometimes thinking up an earnest appeal to insert in the paper next day, that would influence our moneyed men to send in their contributions, that he might be able to meet all these wants.

With all this multiplicity of cares, he was ready to assist in every good work outside.

The Sabbath-school, and temperance cause, lay very near his heart, and he would cheerfully work for both to the utmost limit of his strength, as his indefatigable labors in the Morgan street and other mission schools will testify.

TEMPERANCE.

In the temperance work, how many has he been instrumental in turning from their evil ways, encouraging them to live sober lives; and what a multitude could stand up to-day and say, "I owe this great change, this new life, this salvation from a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's eternity, under God, I owe it all to Father Hawley!"

His office was almost daily a witness to a word spoken here and there, as he thought best suited the case, and not infrequently a good rousing temperance lecture of five minutes' length would startle the audience, if he happened to notice one or two who he thought were needing it.

At times, as we were sitting at the desk, busily writing orders for our waiting crowd of customers, Mr. Hawley would break the silence by speaking up with a loud voice, looking keenly around the room, saying, "Somebody in this office has been drinking whisky this morning." "It isn't I, Mr. Hawley," says one; "It isn't I," says another. "I don't say *who* it is," says Mr. Hawley; "but *somebody* has been drinking." And presently, as we glance up from our writing, we see the guilty one, who has been standing behind the stove hoping to

escape detection, elbowing his way quietly along towards the door, the farthest distance possible from the desk, and opens the door and softly passes out.

Another, a stranger who is traveling, comes in, and walking boldly up to the desk, asks for something to eat. "Why did not the man who gave you the whisky give you something to eat?" says Mr. Hawley, giving him a keen look.

"Whisky! I have not had any whisky," he replied.

"Oh, yes, you have," said Mr. Hawley; "you have been drinking this morning."

"No, sir, I don't drink. Whoever says I drink tells an untruth," said the man angrily.

"Now, look here," said Mr. Hawley, laughing, "do you think you can deceive this old nose? No, sir, you can't do it; he has smelled whisky too many years to be deceived now, and I knew the minute you came through that door that you had been drinking."

At this the man rather hesitates, and says nothing.

"Come, now," says Mr. Hawley, pleasantly, "you might just as well own it first as last. You felt cold and bad, and the man offered it, so you took a little,—now, didn't you?"

"Well, yes, sir, I did. I suppose I may as well tell the truth."

"Oh, well, I knew you did," said Mr. Hawley; "but look here, my friend, don't you think you had better give it up?"

"Well, I don't know—I don't drink much," he replies, indifferently.

Mr. Hawley by this time has left his seat and gone around, and, with his hand on his shoulder, says in his kindest, most persuasive tones:

"Why, my friend, don't you see where you are going? don't you know that every time you drink you love it better and better? don't you know your appetite for it is growing stronger every day? Why, you show the effects of it already in your face."

At this he looks up, rather surprised.

"You would be a good-looking man were it not for that," said Mr. Hawley; "but the whisky will leave its mark. And once," he continued, his voice falling to a tender tone, "you was a little, bright, smooth-faced boy, and your mother took you on her knee, and looking in your face, wondered what her little boy would be when he became a man. Is your mother living?"

"No, sir, she is dead," says the man, with his eyes full of tears.

"Well, did she ever pray with you when you were a little boy?"

"Yes, sir, she often did."

"Did she ever pray that her boy might become a drunkard?" said Mr. Hawley tenderly.

"No, sir," falters the man; "she prayed that I might be a good man."

"Well," says Mr. Hawley, earnestly, "Shall that sainted mother's prayers be answered or not? Shall that mother in Heaven see her boy going down to a drunkard's grave, or living a sober life? It re-

mains with you to decide." The tears were dropping fast as he thinks of his mother and his miserable life.

"Come," says Mr. Hawley, cheerily, "you *can* be a man if you will. Say *you will*, and stick to it, and with the help of God you *can* do it. See here; I have a pledge; will you sign it?" "Yes, sir," says the man; "but I don't know as I can write very well this morning." "Oh, I will help you," says Mr. Hawley, producing a pledge which he always kept at hand, ready for such cases. The man's hand trembled as he took the pen, as a man's hand will, you know, who is in the habit of drinking; but with an effort at control, he commenced and wrote the first letter, then looking up, said in a low, trembling voice, "I am afraid I cannot write it now." "Let me help you," says Mr. Hawley, and taking hold of his hand to steady it, he at last wrote the whole name.

The writing looked as though he might have once written a handsome hand, but was now crooked and unsteady, just as *he* had the appearance of having once been a fine-looking, intelligent man, but all that was noble, or manly, was being obliterated by the curse that was fast ruining him.

"Now," says Mr. Hawley, earnestly, laying his hand on his shoulder, "will you keep this solemn pledge?"

"I will, sir, by the help of God," he replies, soberly and solemnly.

"Give me your hand," says Mr. Hawley, and grasping it with a hearty shake, added, "God bless

you, my brother, God bless you, and help you to keep it. Come in and see me if you ever want a friend, and come into our Good Samaritan meetings if you remain in town; you will find a great many there who have been just where you are, but are now sober and in their right minds." And thanking him earnestly, the man leaves.

Scenes very similar to this were not infrequent, and Mr. Hawley's face was radiant with happiness whenever he saw any fellow-being thus turning from his evil ways.

He was constantly on the watch for opportunities to lift up, and make better, and happier, all who came within his influence; and although often reproving for wrong-doing, he would do all this in such a kind way, and with so much delicacy of feeling, as would find its way into the heart, and instead of exciting opposition or anger, he would win them over to a new manner of living.

There was an old man, over seventy years of age, in whom he took a deep interest. He had once been an intelligent and prosperous business man in a distant city, but his love for the intoxicating cup had induced him years before to forsake home and friends, and all that makes life worth the living, to roam about the world, a homeless wanderer—with only the indulgence of his appetite for compensation! Mr. Hawley had many an earnest conversation with him, urging him to renounce this miserable habit, and be a man again.

But he felt that he was so old, and his appetite for liquor was so strong, that he had not the courage

to undertake it. But Mr. Hawley would not give him up, but entreated him again and again to take the pledge and commence a new life. At last he came to Mr. Hawley's house late one Saturday night, to talk with him, and tell him that he was "almost persuaded" to take the step he desired. It being so late, and Mr. Hawley very weary, he requested him to meet him at his office at 9 o'clock the next morning.

Mr. Hawley reached the office early, and made the room warm and comfortable, and at 9 o'clock the old man came. Mr. Hawley talked to him faithfully and feelingly. He was deeply moved, and with tears unburdened his heart of the sad story of all the past years of temptation and sin.

Mr. Hawley sympathized with and encouraged him, till at last he signed the pledge.

"Now, my brother, let us pray over it," said Mr. Hawley, and the two kneeled down together—the feeble, trembling old man beside his faithful Christian friend, who poured forth a fervent petition for the erring, but repentant one, that he might have strength given him to withstand temptation, and his few remaining days be passed in sobriety and peace.

Did any sweeter incense arise to Heaven from any of our city churches, that beautiful Sabbath morning, than the ardent supplication which went up from that simple, unpretending office, from the earnest lips of dear old Father Hawley?

As the old man arose from his knees, his tears flowed freely, and, grasping Mr. Hawley's hand, he thanked him again and again for his kindness to

him, promising that he would hereafter strive to lead a different life.

As weeks and months passed by, he often stepped in at the office. It appeared to be a comfort and a help to hear the word of encouragement which he always felt sure of receiving, and on one or two occasions, as one of our prominent gentlemen happened to be calling in, Mr. Hawley has said, "I want to introduce to you my old friend here, who has just taken the pledge, and commenced a new life."

"Yes, sir," said the old man, shaking hands, "I am determined henceforth to live a sober man's life, and to die a sober man's death." And as Mr. Hawley stood looking down upon him, listening to his words, his face all beaming with happiness, and his eyes glistening with tears, it seemed not unlike an angel from Heaven, looking down upon a saved soul!

There was one family who found it impossible to live temperate lives, amid the temptations of the city. The father and mother both drank, and were sinking lower and lower as the deadly curse was daily tightening its vice-like grasp upon them. He could get little work—for who would employ such a sot as he? They found a farmer (or Father Hawley did), who would employ the man at wood-chopping, way out on the mountain, miles from the city. So breaking away from old associates, and all the old ties and temptations, he built a little shanty, far out in the woods, miles from any human habitation, and there the little family live, and have lived for several years, away from drink and the temptation of it.

Poor! Yes, they were *very poor;* but such healthy, happy faces as they never carried while living in the city, for their's is a *temperate* home! Sometimes the father and little boy, or the mother and little girl would walk into Hartford on some errand, and they never failed to call in to see the good city missionary who had been so kind a friend to them for years,--and he would always invite them to sit down and tell how they were prospering in their mode of life. They would sometimes tell of being obliged to dig through snow several feet deep which surrounded their lowly dwelling, to get out into the world, and I noticed that whenever Father Hawley sat talking with them, his voice would always grow tremulous, and his eyes tearful, although his face was a happy one. *All honor* to the man and the woman who, feeling it impossible to resist temptation in the city, have the *courage* and the *resolution* to break away from old associations, and everything which was dragging them down, and make a home, in a shanty if need be, out on the mountains, far away from temptation, with only the wind sighing through the tall forest trees, and the singing of the forest birds for companionship! This Father Hawley felt deeply, and the kind words of good cheer, and sympathy, and encouragement, which he showered upon them, must have filled their hearts to the very brim with gladness—at any rate their smiling, happy faces, on leaving, indicated as much.

He would never give an order, or assist a family where whisky was used, if he could help it; but there were instances where a husband and father

had stripped a family of everything, and left them neglected, when the mother and little ones must not be allowed to suffer; and yet, while doing for them what was necessary, he was all the time casting about to find ways and means for the reformation of the intemperate man, and he many times succeeded.

There was one family, where the father and mother had both signed the pledge, and there was need enough of it.

As she would sometimes come in for a little assistance,—for Mr. Hawley was helping them to get back to comfort and respectability again, she would look up, and say brightly, "It is a year to-day, Father Hawley," or "fifteen months to-day, since we took the pledge."

He would say "Well, this is a new world for you, isn't it?" "Oh yes," she replied, "it is indeed, it seems like Heaven!" How many could say, in comparison with the old life, "it seems like Heaven."

HARTFORD JUBILEE SINGERS.

He took the greatest interest in the "Hartford Jubilee Singers," for there was not one among them whom he had not encouraged, and helped in many ways.

Who that has heard them sing, with Father Hawley sitting by, does not remember his pleased and happy face, as he listened to them? The first time I heard them sing, the pleasure of watching his face was fully equal to that derived from the concert. As the air rung with, "When my Lord delivered Daniel," "The Gospel Train," "Pick up the Young Lambs," etc., he was convulsed with laughter, at the same time tears were rolling down his cheeks, and well they might, for oh, in what different circumstances he had seen some of them!

That night there was a little girl among them about ten or twelve years of age, who, with a sweet, ringing voice, was singing the solo to—

> "Children we all shall be there,
> When our Lord doth appear."

And beside her stood her mother, also singing; and her father among the audience.

Years ago, when that little girl was a baby, Mr.

Hawley had visited them one cold winter's night, and found such a desolate home! No food, very little furniture, scanty clothing—destitute of almost everything; and to crown all, as the last dying embers of their meager fire were fading out, they had laid their half-clad baby—this same little girl—on the stove to get the last particle of warmth to keep her from freezing to death!

That was what whisky had done for them, and now what had the pledge done?

A kind father and mother, happy children, wages regularly brought home instead of squandered, enough to eat and to wear! A pleasant temperance home, and withal a Christian home! For among all the surprises of good which had come to them as their new life opened before them, they had also found a waiting Saviour! What a transformation!

Is it any wonder then, that the smiles and tears should chase each other over Father Hawley's face, as he thinks over all these things? And how many other homes about the city, has he been instrumental in changing, from just such wretchedness and destitution, to comfortable, peaceful, and happy ones!

CHRISTMAS.

For many years the Christmas season has been a time of great excitement and interest with us.

Not merely with the grown people, who all expected, if not a turkey, or chicken, a little tea and sugar, or at all events, a twenty-five cent soup piece to "put them over Christmas."

Oh, those inevitable soup pieces! They never came amiss!

In every variety of circumstances, they never failed to prove a comfort, and were often a stern necessity. They have furnished, not only many a Christmas and Thanksgiving, but many a funeral, and even a wedding meal! Why, one woman called in at the office on her way to be married, for an order for a soup piece to grace the wedding feast—the groom waiting outside!

But it was our Christmas with the children of which I was about to speak. Several years ago, some individual was struck with the bright idea that the little ones, who were blessed with many books and toys at home, should send their worn and broken ones at Christmas time to Father Hawley, for distribution among the lesser favored ones, telling them through the columns of the *Courant*, that by

so doing they would not only make other children happy, but would be rewarded fourfold themselves! This laudable and generous idea was immediately put in practice, and such a medley of boxes, baskets, books, dolls, and toys of every conceivable variety, as came pouring into that office, defies description! The City Missionary's office was transformed into an extemporaneous toy shop.

We assorted them in an inner room, and the day before Christmas it was enough to do one's heart good to see all the bright expectant little faces that came pouring into that room. It was marvelous what a multitude of children heard of the toys at Father Hawley's; many of them broken and disfigured, but very precious to the little hands stretched out so eagerly to receive them, and to so many of whom the receiving a Christmas present was a new and wonderful experience.

After selecting a nice doll or book for a few timid or sick ones who we knew would not make an appearance there that morning, we each brought out our arms full, and distributed to the eager waiting crowd. When, as soon as each little separate pair of hands were filled, the door was opened, and the whole jubilant troop headed for the street, and the room quickly filled with as many more, until all were supplied.

Then Mr. Hawley would brush all the broken remnants and wrecks of toys into a large basket, and going out into the midst of the little crowd, empty the whole contents over their heads on to the floor, and then stand and laugh to see the rushing and

scrambling to pick them up, like a flock of chickens picking up corn.

This was in 1868 or 9, and each year the same scenes have been repeated, for the little ones never forgot to send their toys, and those for whom they were sent, never forgot to come for them.

Oh, those merry Christmas times! And no child more merry or happy in receiving, than Father Hawley in bestowing these gifts.

One year a number of little girls, to whom the coming of this sweet Christmas time had always seemed so joyously bright and beautiful, being touched with pity for the poor little children who know nothing of its blessings, determined to do something to make it a happy season to them also.

They went to work with a will, making fancy articles, etc., and held a fair in one of their homes, realizing a considerable sum of money, which they brought to Mr. Hawley, as a Christmas offering for the poor children.

With this we purchased a number of boxes of warm gay colored mittens, stockings, and tippets, also some books and toys.

Oh, what a merry Christmas they had then; as the whole troop of happy children went marching home, not only with their toys, but each little pair of blue benumbed hands, covered with the gay, warm mittens, and carrying stockings and tippets to match!

A richer, sweeter music than any Christmas carol, must have rung through the hearts of those generous little girls that merry Christmas time; its

happy memory blossoming into many coming weeks, with a fragrance and a beauty known only to the little ones who are happy in their labors for Him, whose birth they so joyfully celebrate, for He has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

THE FRESHET.

With the spring of the year comes the *freshet*, or the great rise of the Connecticut River.

This enforced and peremptory *house cleaning*, makes a great stir among all the families living in that vicinity. Long before the water had risen an inch, some of them would come hurrying in, and want help, "for the water was coming up on them."

"Oh," says Mr. Hawley, "don't get frightened, a little water will do you all good, and it may not be up for a week yet." But when it did come, it caused much commotion.

Some years, when the water was unusually high, Mr. Hawley has gone around in a boat, and carried them bread, rowing right up to the windows, and throwing it in to them. But usually, they found ways of helping themselves, the little boys living in the vicinity, who so early learn the tricks of trade, and to be keen and sharp at a bargain, procuring boats, or almost anything that would float on the water, and taking their neighbors out and in for a few cents a ride.

During these days many a rich scene and incident not down on the programme, and not published in the papers, was enacted.

There was one woman living in the midst of the freshet, whose husband had the misfortune to slip and fall into the river. She, quite disgusted at such stupidity, and thinking if he was not smart enough to keep out of the water, was not worth having at all, pushed him back again, the moment he regained his footing.

This news was of course immediately brought to Mr. Hawley, as it seemed to be thought important that all such news should be. Soon after, upon her calling at the office, Mr. Hawley said, "Why, what is this story that I hear of you? they say you pushed your husband into the river."

"*I* did indeed," she cried, "I threw me old man in—he went and tumbled in, 'twas all he knew, and so I threw him in, 'twill teach him to be smart!"

A remedy, by the way, which all husbands similarly affected might not relish so well.

It seemed to work well in this case, however, as he meekly fished himself out, undoubtedly promising an improvement, as she received him back into favor, and, at last accounts, they were still living in the same state of domestic felicity.

This woman was the owner of a tongue the like of which very few could boast the possession.

It seemed to come nearer the idea of perpetual motion than anything ever invented.

She would call at the office, with no special object but to relieve her mind, and commence to talk, and as she warmed up with her subject, would walk back and forth in front of the desk, now turning to us with a curtesy as some compliment was implied in her remarks, and then raising her eyes to Heaven,

in token of thankfulness for some blessing received. At least, this is the way we interpreted it, as oftentimes it was impossible to tell, except by her manner, what she was saying.

It was marvelous how *even a woman's tongue* could move with such rapidity! Mr. Hawley would laugh, and say he wondered if they had a more original or unique performance at the Opera House last night. But at last he would say, "Come, come, that will do for this morning; I am sure Water street has missed you, and is longing to see you," which gentle hint seemed to make little impression. Then Mr. Hawley, getting up and going around, opens the door and says, "Come, we'll not try to write another word till your face is turned towards home; good morning; come and see us again; don't forget us." Then, with a "God bless you, Miss, God bless you, sir, I thank you, sir, I am much obliged to you, sir," and a half-dozen more curtesies, she at last takes her departure.

Although it was no uncommon thing to be thus cordially invited to leave, she always came back next time with the same good-natured smile of self-assurance, and generally ready to repeat the same performance.

That her respect and kind feeling toward Father Hawley were sincere and heartfelt, will be seen from the fact that in his last sickness, and only two or three days before his death, she came up to his house at four o'clock in the morning, bringing him a few fresh eggs that her own hens had laid. It was all that she, in the kindness of her heart, had to offer him in his extremity.

THE JAIL.

Mr. Hawley frequently visited the jail, and assisted in the Sunday morning services; his kind, earnest talks to the prisoners, causing them to feel that he would prove a true friend to them; so that, on being released, they would oftentimes go immediately to his office, to ask his advice or help.

One morning a man came in, and on addressing Mr. Hawley by name, he replied that he did not remember him. "I heard you talk last Sunday morning," said he in a low voice.

"Oh," said Mr. Hawley, comprehending the situation at once; "well, what did you think of it?" he added pleasantly.

"It was all true," said the man, earnestly.

"When did you come out?" asked Mr. Hawley.

"I just came out this morning," he replied.

"And for what were you in there?" His answer was in an almost inaudible voice.

"Well, well, my brother," said Mr. Hawley in a tender tone, laying his hand on his shoulder, "you have done wrong—you know it, and I know it, and we all know it; but what a good time this is to turn right about and do better. You have had a long time to think it over up there. It will be easier for

you now to start anew; but if you go back to the old ways, it won't be long before you are back *there* again, and what a life that will be to lead. Come, begin this *very morning*. Leave your old associates and evil ways, and, with the help of God, *you can* become a good man, however wrong you may have been, for it is the Saviour who has died for you, who has *promised*, if you repent, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be whiter than snow."

Many a kind, serious conversation like this he has held with these men, never omitting to sow the good seed "beside all waters."

Sometimes he received letters from them, written at the jail, asking his sympathy or advice.

There was one poor man from whom he received a letter, saying that he was sick, and most wretched and unhappy, and begging him to come to him.

He was a stranger to Mr. Hawley, but he longed to listen once more to those kind words from his lips, assuring him of hope and forgiveness, even for such as he.

Mr. Hawley hastened to see him, and held a long conversation in which he kindly sympathized with him, earnestly entreating him to flee to the only source where peace and comfort may be found. After praying with him, he came away, cheered by the hope that this poor, sin-sick soul would soon accept the "Great Physician's" healing.

As another instance of his kindness of manner toward those who had done wrong, I recall an incident in which a boy stole a silk handkerchief out of the pocket of his coat, which was hanging in the

office. As this was not the first occurrence of the kind, it was thought best to have the matter attended to. He was accordingly arrested and sent to jail for a few days. On being released, as soon as he could muster the courage to do so, he found his way into the office, in company with some other boys. He entered with a very shamefaced look, his head turned the other way as much as possible, and went and stood behind the stove. Presently Mr. Hawley arose and went out to him, and, laying his hand on his shoulder, said in a very kind, pleasant voice, "Well, my boy, you are out again, are you?" "Yes, sir," said the boy, hanging his head.

"Why, what was you thinking of," said Mr. Hawley. "Don't you know that that is the way people get into State Prison—by taking little things at first?" He continued talking earnestly with him for some time, ending with, "Well, now my boy, shall this be the last time you are ever known to take a thing that does not belong to you?" "Yes, sir," said the boy humbly. "And the last time you are ever sent to jail?" "Yes, sir," he replied in an earnest voice. "Well, see that it is," said Mr. Hawley solemnly; "see that it is." Then coming and sitting down at the desk again, he said in a low voice, "The boy seems very penitent. I guess we had better give him a little something to-day;" then adding—the merry twinkle coming into his eye—"I suppose the poor fellow wanted the handkerchief more than I did."

VISITING THE SICK.

If any among the families of his care were sick, or in trouble of any kind, how quickly he would hasten to them! With what tender sympathy he shared their burdens, speaking kind and cheering words, encouraging them to hope for health, and better times, and then, after caring for their temporal wants as he was able, he would drop on his knees, and, with the simplicity of a loving child coming to a tender parent with all its wants and needs, so he would bring the sick one, with all his cares, and temptations, and sorrows, to the feet of "Our Father," and with a trusting, childlike faith in his deep, earnest tones as would seem to lift the burdened heart up into the very presence of the Holy One. Indeed his prayers were always peculiar for producing that effect upon those who heard them—the feeling that a loving child was speaking to a very near and dear parent, who, he was *sure*, would do all things needful for him; even the simple blessing implored at his table, as with an earnest voice he commenced, "Kind and indulgent Father," I could never listen to without the starting of a tear and a feeling that somehow the Saviour was brought *very near* in blessing. And so to the sick one, strug-

gling with disease, and his own desponding thoughts, it has many times proved an inexpressible source of comfort and help to listen to the dear familiar voice, as, "on wings of faith and prayer," he presented his wants and needs before the throne. How near he would seem to them afterwards! They were sure of his tender sympathy in all circumstances, and not only that, but whatever could be done to alleviate their sufferings, or promote their comfort, he would *certainly do* for them.

At one time he heard that a member of one of these families was very ill. He hastened to see them as soon as possible, and found the sick one lying in a cold room, with no means of warming it.

It was in mid-winter, and besides being dangerous for the sick one, the health of other members of the family was very much exposed.

It was evening, but Mr. Hawley was never known to put off anything that seemed necessary to be done at once, so harnessing again his horse, which had been put up for the night, he drove to a stove-store, procured a stove and pipe, and carried them to the house, cut a place for the pipe himself, then finding he had not pipe enough, drove back to the store for more, and set up the stove in good order. He then built a fire in it, and saw them fixed warm and comfortable for the night. It was after ten before he finished, ready to leave them, but on relating the circumstance to me next morning at the office, his face beamed with satisfaction and pleasure, that he had been able to do so much for the comfort and happiness of this family.

And so he went about, whenever he found it necessary, "doing the Lord's back-kitchen work," as he often laughingly termed it. And an earnest, faithful City Missionary, like Father Hawley, finds that the Lord has plenty of "back-kitchen work" to be done; yet he never seemed to hesitate to undertake whatever he felt it his duty to do, without sparing himself in the least, but went about it cheerfully, never leaving it till it was thoroughly done, however hard or disagreeable it might be.

HOW THE POOR LIVE.

Few have any idea how a large number of these families contrive to live. Some are even unable to afford more than a single meal in a day, others would be thankful if they could *be sure* of even that. The old colored woman explained her circumstances in few words, as, in a laughing voice, in which a shade of hopelessness could be detected, she exclaimed, "Dere's nothing left but me and de rats! he! he! he!"

Mr. Hawley found one family, who for many days had nothing in the house but flour and salt; and stirring this up with water, and cooking it over the fire, they had all managed to exist upon it.

Another, an American man and wife, had lived a whole week upon only one dollar. He had been out of employment a long time, and had watched their small amount of savings daily diminish until the last dollar came. This they had managed to eke out during a whole week, and then came the end, and nothing left for them to do but to appeal to Father Hawley's tender heart, and relief was afforded them.

A woman to whom he had given a dollar order for groceries, gave an account of the manner in

which she had spent it. She had bought ten or twelve different articles of food, such as potatoes, meal, flour, pork, etc., and among the luxuries, were two ounces of tea, and a pound of sugar. After making all her purchases, as she found by close calculation that there was one penny her due, she bought a pop-corn ball, as a Christmas present for her little girl.

Many times, as some of these persons left the office, after listening to their story of want and close economy, Mr. Hawley has said, in a tearful voice, "How little one side of the world know how the other side live!

LETTERS RECEIVED.

A number of letters were daily received at the office. Mothers not being able to go out, would send a little one with a note, telling their needs, and others who were timid, and not liking to brave the ordeal of making known their necessities before others, would send a letter explaining their situation. Many of these told a story of self-denial and privation, which were truly pathetic.

One woman, a widow with children, wrote: "Oh! Mr. Hawley, what shall I do? I don't know how I am ever to get along. I lay awake all last night, weeping and praying."

Another wrote, "I had rather work my hands off than to send for help, but we cannot help it. We need coal and groceries very much, and we could not meet our rent. I don't know what we shall do this winter, but I hope for the best."

Another, a poor sewing woman, in telling her story, wrote: "We have never asked for aid before, and find it very hard to do so now; have had sewing to do at home, but find it very hard to obtain this winter, and don't know how to deal with the world." How much is comprehended in those few

words! She "*don't know how to deal with the world.*"

God pity the poor sewing woman, oftentimes with a family of little ones depending upon her, with sewing hard to find, and who "don't know how to deal with the world!" and grant that "the world" may possess more of the sweet spirit of charity, in its dealing with her!

HELPING NEW CASES.

Of the many to whose assistance Father Hawley came, "who never asked for aid before," bridging over the tight place—helping just for the time being, and setting them on their feet again, the world will never know.

Said one man, grasping his hand, the grateful tears running down his cheeks, "That little help you gave me, Mr. Hawley, just at the right time, *saved me*."

He never needed help before, or since. And Mr. Hawley delighted in seeking out such cases, and he seemed to find them by intuition,—always showing such a respect for their feelings, that the most sensitive ones could never feel hurt or humiliated at receiving his favors.

He was sometimes surprised and grieved at the manner of those who never knew what it was to want, themselves, in offering assistance to these lesser favored ones,—"treating them for all the world," he would say, "as though their being poor had made them another class of beings." But, ah! it would do one's heart good to see the right royal way in which Mr. Hawley would offer to assist those who were in need, treating them as though they were doing him a favor in accepting, rather than he in bestowing the gift.

"I want to speak with you just a moment," said he, in a low tone, to a neatly dressed, lady-like woman who chanced to step in at the office, and taking her aside, told her that he knew of the long sickness of a member of her family, and understood the consequent expenses attending it, and felt that he would like to share her burden if she would allow him to do so,—at the same time slipping a bill into her hand. The burst of grateful tears with which she received the gift, and the earnestness of her attempted thanks, plainly expressed the greatness of her need, and what a relief to her overburdened heart was this timely and unlooked-for assistance.

If a family who were usually in comfortable circumstances became straightened for a time, through temporary loss of employment, or from sickness, Mr. Hawley never advised the disposal of their furniture, or clothing, as a great sacrifice must inevitably attend such a forced sale, but thought it much better to give a little assistance now and then, till the dark days were over, and the bright skies came again, although many, giving it a superficial glance, would say, "What, are you helping that family? What business have they to be receiving help? They had better sell some of their good furniture or clothing. You must be making a great mistake in helping them." But Mr. Hawley never did these things without looking well into the case, and his keen insight into the situation of affairs, and his judgment at the result, were seldom at fault.

CHILDREN AT THE OFFICE.

Oh, how the little children loved him! and how they loved to flock into his office! With many of them, the first thought in the morning seemed to be *to run to Father Hawley's*. However early the doors might be opened, the "little customers" were sure to come trooping in, and huddling around the great, hot stove, just as near as possible without burning, stand holding their little red, benumbed hands up at the stove, occasionally looking around with a smile of satisfaction at being allowed the privilege of getting so comfortable.

One bitter cold morning, among the little ones thus gathered about the stove, we noticed two little bright-faced boys, who we knew had just come from a drunkard's dreary, desolate home. If they had owned a pail of coal, the father, or mother either, would, without doubt, have sold it for whisky. On rising, these two forlorn little fellows, probably without a mouthful of breakfast, and with no fire in the house, had hurried up to Father Hawley's office. As they stood there, holding their little stiffened fingers up to the stove, we heard the youngest, looking up in his older brother's face, whisper earnestly, "*How good it feels* to get so near the fire!"

Oh, who can tell the sorrows and the sufferings of the poor children living in a drunkard's cheerless home! What old faces and old ways they have! There were two or three little boys who used to come in, who had just these faces and ways. The family were first brought to our notice, when at the close of the war, the husband and father returned, after spending the whole four years in the service, with broken down health, and suffering terribly from chills and fever. He was then a tall, fine-looking man, intelligent, and fond of reading; indeed, he could hardly find enough to read, and often told of sitting up till long past midnight in the perusal of a new book that had been loaned him. Whatever may have been his habits in the army, or before, he now showed unmistakable signs of using the intoxicating cup. Oh, how I have heard Father Hawley talk and plead with that man! With what earnestness and pathos he would warn him of the dangerous path into which his feet were slipping! He seemed much attached to Mr. Hawley, and gave respectful assent to all his words, and sometimes seemed anxious to reform, and would keep sober for months together, but with no strong determination to do so permanently. Mr. Hawley had great faith in the exercise of a *determined will* to keep the pledge.

And so we have reason to fear that this poor man died as he had lived—an intemperate man.

Well, one of these little boys would come in on an errand, and accomplish it, and pass out again, in the most sober, matter-of-fact way, his face never

relaxing into a smile, although attempts were repeatedly made to cause him to do so. He did not seem to be at all sullen or morose, only that life with him had always been too sad and sober a reality to admit of smiles.

Mr. Hawley often talked about it, and sometimes he would say on seeing him coming in, "Now, see if I cannot make him laugh," and, at a favorable moment, out would come one of Father Hawley's original, witty speeches, calling forth a burst of laughter from whoever chanced to hear it—all except the boy. The muscles around his mouth would relax a little, but only for a moment, and then he would look up at Mr. Hawley with a sober, earnest look, and turn around and pass out; and as the door closed upon him, Mr. Hawley would exclaim, with his eyes full of tears, "What kind of a childhood is that! What has that boy passed through to come and go in this unnatural manner!"

His nearest approach to a smile would be when a book was given him. He inherited all his father's love of reading, and the earnestness of his thanks, and the eagerness with which he would look it over, plainly expressed his delight at receiving it.

On giving out our annual Christmas gifts to the children, we sometimes selected a tempting toy with a book, and offered him his preference. He never hesitated between the two—the book was always chosen.

But, thank God! the sorrows of child-life are usually but transitory, and the majority of little ones who crowded around Father Hawley's stove,

could laugh as heartily and sing as merrily, when their troubles were laid aside for a time, as other children. But many times on turning to leave, as the thought of home seemed to cross their minds, a sad and thoughtful look could be seen settling down over their faces, as though they were thinking —"Now, the battle of life must be taken up again."

Oh, with what compassionate tenderness did Father Hawley address all these children, occasionally bending his ear way down to catch the timid, whispered request of *the very little ones*, who dare not speak aloud.

And thus they would linger about, under one pretext and another, just as long as possible, until Father Hawley would say, "Come, come, children, you have got warm. We can't keep children out of school; you must start on now." Then they would pass slowly out, casting regretful glances back at the comfortable room and kind friend they were leaving. Sometimes there chanced to come a holiday of which Mr. Hawley had not heard, and at his—"Come, children, it is time for you to go to school," how their eyes would dance with delight as two or three at a time would promptly answer, "There is no school to-day, Father Hawley." Then he would join in a merry laugh with them. Ah, they understood as well as he, that a better excuse than "going to school," must be thought of to rid him of their presence for that day at least.

They loved him so well that it sometimes seemed as though they felt that even a "touch of the hem of his garment" would be some comfort and help to them.

Is it any wonder, then, that the little Sabbath-school boy, when asked, "Who was the first man?" should answer so promptly, "Father Hawley?"

Or that the little boy, wearied with the care of the fretful baby, left in his charge in the absence of the mother at her daily toil, should endeavor to revive his own drooping spirits, as well as comfort the little one, by singing in a loud voice, as he energetically rocked the cradle to and fro, a new version of the old song, which he had improvised for the occasion, running thus:

"Oh, do not be discouraged, baby,
For Hawley is your friend?"

But our Saturdays were peculiarly *the children's day*. Many times people in passing, or calling at the door for a moment, would inquire if school had commenced, such throngs of little ones came crowding in.

We usually had one hundred or more of these children every Saturday, each with their own particular want, generally something to wear to Sunday-school next day—a pair of pants, or a dress, or a pair of shoes, or some other article of clothing. And how kindly did Father Hawley attempt to supply all these wants! None were sent empty away if anything could be found that could possibly be made to answer their purpose in the office. And many times, casting a quick, keen glance around the room, he would call up a little fellow from the midst of the clamorous crowd, who had made no request, and after examining his clothing, his quick

sympathies touched, say, with a trembling voice, "I declare, that is pretty thin clothing for this bitter cold day! How could we stand it, to go out dressed like that such weather as this?" and go off into the clothing room and bring out a nice little warm coat, putting it on the child, who has stood—turning about as Mr. Hawley turned him, putting his arms into the coat sleeves, as Mr. Hawley put it on him, without speaking a word during the whole transaction. Why, it was Father Hawley! and, of course, he could do him nothing but good!

Father Hawley knew all the children, and all about their homes, and their wants, and needs, and he looked as interested and happy in supplying their necessities as though he had a personal interest in each one.

Some of these little fellows were real heroes, without knowing it.

One little boy who asked for a pair of boots, was drawing on one of a pair which Mr. Hawley had brought out to him, turning his back around to conceal his bare foot. But Mr. Hawley, who was watching him, noticed it, and said, "Why, where is your stocking, my boy?" "It's gone up," replied the boy. And sure enough it had "gone up." The foot of the stocking was completely worn off and nothing but the leg remained, which had slipped way up his pants, and those were all the stockings he possessed, yet he made no complaint. Of course he was provided with better ones.

There was one active little fellow who had done some errands for Mr. Hawley, and made himself

useful in various ways about the office, to whom he gave a *new pair* of shoes that he happened to have in the office. The boy took them home, much pleased; but a few days after came in without any, although it was a very cold morning. "Why, sonny, why don't you wear your new shoes," said Mr. Hawley. "My little brother hadn't any, and I let him wear them," he replied. And there stood the little brother in the new shoes, while this generous little fellow, who lived a whole mile from the office, had walked the entire distance in his bare feet that frosty morning, that his little brother might have shoes to wear! It is needless to say that both were sent home comfortably shod, and that Mr. Hawley ever after took a peculiar interest in this noble, self-sacrificing little fellow. And there were others, children of widows in feeble health, who came after orders for provisions, coal, etc., — in fact, who "would carry on the family" with the regularity and sedateness of an old man.

CLOTHING.

The great good accomplished by the distribution of the large quantity of clothing which the generous public sent in to Mr. Hawley's office from year to year, cannot be estimated.

Many were the thanks and the blessings received as the grateful and happy recipients passed out the door, bearing a huge bundle of warm, comfortable clothing for themselves or their little ones. And many were the children who were kept in Sabbath-school, year after year, by the clothing which they received from this source.

All the better part being carefully selected and distributed among those who would appreciate and take good care of it, and wear it to church or Sabbath-school.

Probably many can now recall the interesting incidents which Mr. Hawley has related in his annual reports, of the remarkable preservation of some of the clothing which he has bestowed upon some of these good, Christian, church-going people; of the man who brought an overcoat to show him, which he had given him *nine years before*, and was a pretty good coat still! And of the good old lady who had

worn a shawl he had given her, to church for *thirteen years!* It looked somewhat faded and thin, but would still bear the name of *shawl!*

Many of these articles found their way to their recipients through Mr. Hawley's "*underground railroad*," as he called it; when, after a round of visits, in which his ever-watchful eye had been busy noting the ofttimes unspoken necessity, "the very article that was needed most," would make an entirely unexpected and mysterious appearance in the home of its grateful receiver, and all managed in such a way as to be perfectly secure from the curious gaze of inquisitive friends or neighbors.

There were few circumstances in which Father Hawley's "large family" might be placed, in which something from his clothing department might not in some way prove beneficial.

A workman is overtaken with an accident, and must be carried immediately to the Hospital. A friend comes hurriedly in to see what clothing can be found for him. A couple of shirts, and a dressing-gown are quickly wrapped together for his use, which are a great comfort to the unfortunate man.

An old lady comes shivering in, her feeble frame pierced through and through with the chilly winds; and as some thick, warm flannels, and perhaps a shawl, are handed her, she accepts them gratefully, saying, "Oh, these will put new life in me."

The young girl, working in some establishment, earning barely enough to pay her board, is enabled to make a respectable appearance at church during a whole season, by receiving the nice dress and

cloak which are selected for her from the promiscuous stock.

A farmer, coming in from the country, inquires of Mr. Hawley if he can direct him to a good, willing boy to assist him, to whom he would give a pleasant, comfortable home. And looking over his list of families, he finds a poor widow with a large family to support, and among them is *the very boy* that is wanted. But his clothing is neither sufficient or comfortable; and so to Father Hawley's he hastens, where the necessary suit is provided, which allows the kind farmer's offer to be immediately accepted.

The baby is to be christened, and the little sister comes in, with smiling face and dancing eyes, and the gray head, with its kindly face, is bent down to hear the pleasant news, timidly whispered into his ear, accompanied with a request. And taking the dainty little white robe, without which they all feel the important transaction could not take place, she trips joyfully out, looking back every now and then, to exchange a smile with the kind friend who, she feels sure, sympathizes with them in this, as in all other important events pertaining to their family.

And alas! the baby is to be buried, and the stricken mother, instinctively turning to the best friend she has, sends her little ones up to tell Father Hawley the sad news, and of her necessities in this time of her affliction.

She needs something in which she can clothe her baby for it last sleep, and, selecting a little white embroidered dress, and tiny socks, with the print of

baby feet still in them, our thoughts turned toward the happy mother who so lately robed *her* darling in them, and, thinking of other little ones, sent of her fullness to gladden their homes. Ah! how the mother love warms the heart toward the little, unfortunate ones!

And so the lovely little dress, with its accompaniments, are wrapped in a parcel together, and taken by the little ones, who pass out with chastened step and demure faces, awed by the great mystery which has crossed their threshold—the meaning and the sadness of which they so dimly understand.

And the weeping mother, with a grateful heart that she can make *her* darling decent and respectable, accepts the tiny clothing, and robes her baby for the grave.

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CLOTHING FROM ADJOINING TOWNS.

But in speaking of the great amount of good accomplished in the distribution of clothing which our own towns-people sent in from year to year, mention should also be made of that, which was so generously contributed from time to time, from a number of towns around about Hartford. Every little while during the winter months, a substantial looking team would drive up, with a huge bundle or barrel in the wagon, and the kind friends would come in, bearing their generous gifts, which were usually from some sewing society.

Such nice clothing for the children! often made of *new* material, and always whole, warm, and comfortable. Father Hawley had visited all these places, and talked to their church or Sabbath-school, and their kind hearts had been touched by his stories of the want and destitution which he daily meets in the city. So they club together, and Dorcas-like, "make garments for the poor." Often, on bringing them in, and expressing the great pleasure they had received in listening to his stories, they would urgently beg him to repeat the visit.

"Oh, yes," Mr. Hawley would reply, "I will come as soon as the pressure of this cold weather is passed,

and give you one of my poor talks for all these good things," and on his visit to them, would allude to the nice barrel of clothing they had brought him, telling them, "I talk by the barrel, and when you think I have talked a barrel full, I will stop." But who was ever known to be ready, "barrel full" or not, for Father Hawley to stop one of his talks; and whoever heard one that was not interesting? Now touching in tender pathos—now sparkling with witty humor, the smiles and tears chasing each other in quick succession over the faces of his hearers as they listen to his interesting anecdotes, almost always of scenes through which he had passed, or of persons whom he had known. Such as—in speaking of the homeless and friendless—the story of the little boy who was found straying about the streets, and coaxed into Sabbath-school. On being asked by the teacher his name, and not seeming to be able to tell, the teacher said, "Why, what do people call you when they want you to come?" "Nobody wants me to come!" replied the friendless little fellow. And again, of the little boy who was wandering through the streets one bitter cold night, having no home to which he might go, and not knowing what to do. At last he found an old wooden door, which had been thrown out in a pile of rubbish, and drawing it away to a secluded corner, crawled under it for a shelter. He lay there shivering a long time, "snugging up, and snugging up to himself," till at last he began to feel more comfortable, for this partial protection from the chilly winds, and "feeling *so sorry*

for the poor little boys who had no doors to cover them!"

Thus, with story after story, told in his inimitable way, he aroused their sympathies, and with quickened hearts and willing hands, they delighted in bringing their offerings of clothing for these unfortunate little ones,—only it was a pity they could not see for themselves all the good they were doing, and how many children were made warmer and more comfortable than they had ever been in their lives before, through their generosity!

GRATITUDE.

Many were the expressions of gratitude with which these good things were received, and many were the devices, by which these thankful hearts endeavored to express their happiness and gratitude. "Mama, is Father Hawley next to God?" said a dear little boy, laying his head on the cool, soft pillow which Father Hawley had brought him. The poor little fellow had been ill a long time, and the old bed was *so hard* and uncomfortable, and now to have a real pillow! He could hardly believe it was himself; and rubbing his head over it again and again, to make sure it was really there, he came to the conclusion, that the dear city missionary, who could do him so great a kindness, must be "next to God!" Another little boy, at whose home Mr. Hawley had just left a bundle of clothing, fearing he had not been thanked quite enough, came to the head of the stairs, as he was leaving, calling out, "Father Hawley! Father Hawley! I thank you! I thank you *just as much as ever I can!*" Many a poor woman on leaving with clothing, or an order, would turn back with a grateful look, saying, "Oh, Father Hawley! I never could get along if it wasn't for you!" "Oh, yes you could," he would sometimes answer,

"you would find some way, I guess." "Oh, no sir, I couldn't," she would reply, "I *only just* get along now, with all you do for me." And then how he would laugh, as some, more demonstrative ones would burst out in a hearty voice, with—"The Lord love ye, Father Hawley, and *may ye live long to help us!*" saying that, "That was *honest* at all events." There was a Frenchman and his wife, who came to Hartford several years ago. He was a man of good education, and had taught his native language in several large schools and seminaries, but they had become much reduced in circumstances, as for sometime past his eye-sight had been failing, through some disease of the eyes, so that he could do little besides assist his wife in any piece of work which she might be able to obtain. When she could get washing to do, he would go with her after the clothes, and carry her basket, and would often stand at the tub, and rub the clothes, rubbing whatever and wherever she would direct, until she pronounced it clean, for he, poor man, could scarcely tell whether it was black or white. And although he could discern a light when going towards a window, and distinguish the figure of a person before him, yet he used to say when being led in by his wife, that he could see less and less every day, and was conscious that his eye-sight was fast leaving him for ever. They had a bright cheerful way of speaking of their circumstances, always making the best of their condition, and always expressing the greatest thankfulness for whatever kindness Mr. Hawley had conferred upon them. Perhaps some might have let

the matter rest there, but this man felt anxious to give Mr. Hawley some *token* of his gratitude. He had once been very ingenious in fashioning many little curiosities, and now, procuring some pieces of white marble, he made a beautiful cross, fastened to a standard also of marble, all of which was most beautifully polished, the shape, and the straight lines being formed with the greatest accuracy, and done almost wholly by the sense of feeling! He brought it to Mr. Hawley when finished, his face radiant with happiness, that he had been able to *do something for him;* and it is unnecessary to say, that this expression of gratitude was duly appreciated, and highly prized by Mr. Hawley himself. There was an old lady, who had never visited the office herself, but whose daughter had sometimes carried home some small article of comfort to her, but never anything of much value. But one day the daughter brought in, as a present to Mr. Hawley, a pair of stockings, which her poor old mother had knit, using the yarn which she had brought over from the old country herself, and which was, of course, very precious,—and this her old fingers had patiently knit, in gratitude for Father Hawley's favors.

I cannot forbear to mention in this connection (although the story is not a new one to those who heard Rev. H. C. Trumbull's memorial sermon on Father Hawley,) the good, old German woman, who said, "Oh! Mishter Hawley, I would give you mine blood, I'se so thankful!" and of the wonderful perseverance which she exhibited, in her determination to show her gratitude to him, when, years ago, after

he had gone to Syracuse to live, and she had not the least idea of ever receiving assistance from him again, she, in her poverty, bought a young turkey, and fed it all through one summer, dividing the small allowance of food for which she toiled early and late, to feed her little ones, and thus succeeded in fattening it until Thanksgiving week came, when she killed and dressed it, and sent it to Mr. Hawley at Syracuse, by express. And she and her children were happy over their own dry crusts, in the thought that they, by their toil and self-sacrifice, had been the means of providing a nice dinner for the good missionary whom they loved so much, and who had brought them bread and kind words of sympathy, in many a dark hour of their poverty and distress. Since his return I accompanied him one Christmas time on a visit to this woman. Her expressions of delight at his visit, and of her respect and affection for him, were touching and beautiful to witness. She kissed our hands in her warm German fashion, kneeled down and pulled off our shoes, that we might the better warm our feet by her stove, and insisted upon heating milk for us to drink, although we thought it was the only article of food she had in the house. And whenever she came in the office, she was not satisfied without bringing some vegetable from a little garden which she had of late years secured, or at least, a bunch of sweet young wintergreen, or a few sprays of trailing vine, and she was never so happy, as when showing her love and gratitude in some way. Her "*blood*" she would freely have shed for him! Ah! how poor seems the

spending one's life in the accumulation of worldly gain, in comparison with the securing such a wealth of loving hearts as these.

In speaking of the old ladies, I am reminded that for many years it has been a favorite project with Mr. Hawley to have an "Old Ladies' Home" established in this city, similar to those he has visited in Syracuse and other cities. He has talked it over, and contrived how it should be arranged, a great many times. And as some nice, feeble, old lady passed out of the office, he would say, "It is too bad for such a nice old lady as that to live as she does, in this Christian city. *There* is just the one, you see, to occupy the 'Old Ladies' Home,' of which I have talked so much," and sometimes, on thinking over the many conversations we have had upon the subject, the idea has suggested itself—what a noble monument it would be, for individuals, or for the whole city, to erect such a "Home," to perpetuate the memory of this philanthropic city missionary, and thus, in his death, carry out a dearly cherished plan of his life.

INGRATITUDE.

But then, as the city missionary has to deal with all manner of temperaments and dispositions, so Mr. Hawley was no stranger to the experience of doing for those who had no heart to express gratitude, and seemed to feel none. There were a few, and I am happy to say only a few, who visited the office, some of them often, to ask for some help or favor, who seemed scarcely to know how to do so, without giving some word of abuse, or at least unkindness, to Father Hawley, and the long-suffering patience and forbearance which he would manifest toward them were such that it seemed to me few would have had the grace to feel, or exhibit. There was one person, for whom he had taken an unusual amount of trouble and expense, who plainly told him that he did not thank him for all he had done for him. And yet I have seen him do that person a favor, time and again, since that, always doing for him patiently and kindly, whatever he could.

And there was a woman who entered the office one day and asked for clothing, which for some good reason was refused her, whereupon she became very angry, saying, "I know why we can't get clothes when we ask for 'em. Ye have got a store in Dan-

bury where ye send all the clothes ye get, and that is the reason why we can't get 'em." Father Hawley quietly told her that if that was all the communication she had to make to us that morning, that she was at liberty to pass along. A few days after, she had the audacity to come in again and ask for clothing, when Mr. Hawley coolly informed her that "we had nothing to spare from our 'Danbury store' that morning." Upon my expressing indignation at her insolence, after she had left, Mr. Hawley laughed heartily, saying, "Oh, well, we must expect such things. It is a part of our business, you know!" And not long after, upon her coming and asking in a more civil manner, some clothing was given her. "But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest: for He is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil."

How beautifully this sweet spirit of the Master blended throughout all his daily life—even to being "kind unto the unthankful and to the evil."

Although he would overlook these things, attributing such exhibitions to ignorance, or to the infirmity of an unhappy disposition, yet there were few persons, I think, who so earnestly longed for, and who so richly prized the love and good will of their fellow-men. Spending his whole life in pouring out his sympathies to others, yet hungering and thirsting for it so much himself that whenever he received it, it was more than meat and drink—it gave new life to him.

Sometimes, on coming in from the street, he would sit down and tell of meeting some good brother, upon whom he depended to help "stay up his hands," who had taken him by the hand, kindly expressing his sympathy in his work, and appreciation of his services, encouragingly assuring him of his hearty co-operation, etc., and he would sit and talk it over, with such a bright, happy face, and cheerful voice. It seemed as though a whole flood of sunshine had suddenly lightened up the old office. At last, glancing up at the boy who was standing at a respectful distance, waiting for him to finish talking, he would say, "Well, my boy, did you say you wanted a better coat? So you do, that is a fact. I

must see what I can do for you," and start off into the clothing room with a quick, cheerful step, to handle over his old coats again, singing to himself all the time a hymn, which was a great favorite of his, and which he now sang in a glad, happy strain.

"I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home."

Oh! ye who think so lightly of the speaking a kind and sympathizing word—when *so few* will cause a great heart like Father Hawley's to sing for joy all day long! *Is it* so light a thing?

But then, when there came to his ears, as, alas! there sometimes did, some hasty speech, or unfriendly word, how deeply it would pain him! and no amount of sympathy or comfort which could be given him, would quite wipe it away.

At last he would say, "Well, I cannot help it. It is their misunderstanding, and it only remains for me to go on doing as near right as I know how, as God knows I *have done*, and leave the rest," and then raising his head, after a few moments' reverie, his face lighting up with a heavenly smile, and his voice choking with emotion, he would say, "Oh! won't it be glorious?" and closing his eyes to suppress the tears, repeating, "Won't it be glorious when we get home to Heaven?" always adding, humbly, "if I am ever so happy as to get there. For there will be no misunderstanding *there!* no misinterpreting our motives *there!* and our Heavenly Father will be our Judge!"

GOING HOME.

This "going home" came near being realized many times before it occurred. The strain upon mind and body which he endured for many years, was such as few could have sustained. A number of times within the past few years there have been seasons, when for weeks it has seemed impossible for him to keep about another day, and that nothing but his naturally strong constitution and firm determination carried him through. During our "busy season," when we have had the office crowded with "customers" from morning until noon, and there has not been a moment for rest, and he has been talking with one after another, advising, admonishing, sympathizing, and helping, with all his accustomed earnestness and energy, how many times have I seen him, as the door closed upon the last one at noon, sit down, with his elbows on the desk, and pressing his hands to his throbbing temples, exclaim, "Oh, my head! my head!" And the question how long such a severe taxing of heart and brain could be endured, seemed every year to become a more serious one. In December, 1874, when the time drew near for the annual meeting of the City Mission Board, and for Father Hawley's annual report,

he had been suffering physically for more than a week.

This preparation of his annual report was always attended with a great deal of labor and care, although never written, except the statistics, and in fact none of his reports or addresses were ever written. The books of the year were all looked over, and all the statistics given of the amount of money received and expended, to whom, and for what, the number of families assisted, their nationalities, etc., etc. All was arranged with the greatest accuracy—and this year, although unable to attend to it, yet as the time had come, he forced himself to go about it, and when it was prepared, with the incidents and experiences of the past year included, he had an unusually interesting report to present.

The evening came, and the meeting was held in the Park church, which was crowded.

In offering his report, he first gave the statistics; then, in telling how some of his poor families lived, commenced to tell the story of a poor woman who was living, or rather attempting to exist, by taking in sewing, upon such small wages that it was impossible for her to live without assistance. He had proceeded as far as to say, "There is a woman"—when suddenly the church turned dark before him, and he was obliged to stop. He wiped his eyes and forehead, and striving to collect his thoughts, endeavored to proceed, saying, "There is a woman" —and stopped again. "I guess she is not there," said Dr. Burton, facetiously. "Yes, she is," said Mr. Hawley; and rallying all his strength, once

more attempted to speak again. But his physical endurance had been taxed to the utmost, and he was led, faint and dizzy, from the pulpit, and carried to his home. He was unable to go to the office again for several days, although very impatient to do so, as it was mid-winter and the time of our greatest pressure of business, and for a long time after he did go, could only take a general supervision of affairs. But at last he rallied and went through the winter—his last *entire* winter of office work.

Oh! if we had *known* it were the last!

Among all the merciful arrangements evincing a Heavenly Father's compassionate love for His children, is there anything *more* merciful and kind than the "not knowing what is before us"?

And so Mr. Hawley labored on, and although not associated with him during the last six months of his life, yet I know he continued spending his strength without stint or measure, in the work to which his life was devoted.

When asked, only about a week before his last illness, how he did, he replied, with such a weary look coming over his face, "Oh, so tired! so tired!" Yet he did not falter, and even after he became ill, on hearing of a family who were sick and in trouble, went, in his feebleness, to see them, saying upon his return, he was so glad he went, as he felt it had been a comfort to them.

His last sickness and death were peaceful and happy—fitting close of a beautiful life!

But oh! how the poor and the needy, the sick

and the sorrowing, the little children and the aged ones, and his many, many friends—yea, even the whole city,—how they mourned for him! And though we still grieve at heart that the dear familiar form, with its noble, kindly face, and genial, pleasant voice, will no more be seen and heard among us, yet we would thank God for the rich and rare privilege of holding for so many years such near communion with so noble, sweet, and Christ-like a spirit.

And turning from this selfish sorrow, we would exultingly cry, *Joy! joy to thee*, dear old Father Hawley! Your "glorious time" has come! and, methinks, there still is ringing in your ears the heavenly music of thy Saviour's voice, caught up and echoed and re-echoed by all the angel host, singing thy glad welcome, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world": "For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

[Extract from a sermon in behalf of the poor, delivered by Rev. J. H. Twichell, at the Asylum Hill Congregational church, in December, 1873, more than two years before the death of Father Hawley.]

Fulfilling a purpose that I had for a good while entertained, I have lately been spending a little time with Father Hawley, viz., one day in visiting with him somewhat around the city, and one day in his office. And I know that you will pardon me if I detain you a while longer than usual this morning to tell you what I saw.

You will understand, of course, that what I saw was seen not alone through my eyes, but through his eyes as well, which was very needful in order to a just observation. Father Hawley (than whom a truer minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, a better man, and a wiser in his calling, there is not on the face of the earth, I do believe,) has been now for twenty-two years wholly employed in serving the poor, and twenty of those years have been passed in Hartford. And he *knows* the poor. He is deeply learned and perfectly skilled in that department of knowledge. He knows who they are and all about them,—how far their poverty is a fault, and how far it is a misfortune; so that we may rely on his information. I doubt if he can be deceived.

Well, as I said, we spent the first day in visiting the poor in their homes. I asked him to show me some of those that might be called the *worthy* poor, that is, whose poverty was innocent, in distinction from those whose poverty was the fruit of their own improvidence or vice,—a discrimination, by the way, which the Gospel of Christ does not seem to say much about ;—a discrimination, at any rate, which Christ in *His* charity, has not made with respect to *me*.

And these are some, not all, of the cases which our tour encountered : We went off, to begin with, to the northeast part of the city. There, in —— street, we called first on a woman who occupies for a tenement two rooms on the second floor, a very decently-appearing American woman, who apologized for the looks of things as we went in, though there was nothing in particular to apologize for. The family consisted of herself, aged about fifty, two daughters, aged fourteen and ten, and a brother, who was sick in bed.

This was a new case, that is, it had never been on Father Hawley's hands till this winter. The husband and father of the family deserted them some time since. The mother had done all that she could to earn them a living. She had tried book-canvassing, and then she tried selling from house to house some preparation for taking out grease spots, but she did not succeed, and at last applied to Father Hawley. When he first went to see them, they were reduced so low that the brother, who, in the pinch of the times, had been discharged from

the employ of the railroad company, and who had been afterward seized with an acute attack of rheumatism, was lying on the hard floor, with very insufficient covering. The good missionary enriched them with a bedstead, which he put up himself, and set them up in some other respects wherein they were completely down, and was helping them a little from week to week, and now they were feeling quite comfortable.

Next we called on another American family—consisting of father, mother, and three little children, and a very respectable family indeed. The look and deportment of the young mother especially, were unusually pleasing. They too, had come to want for the first time this season. They had met hard luck. Though poor, they had commonly been forehanded. Last spring they had saved up quite a snug sum of money—enough to have carried them through this winter had it been left undisturbed till winter.

But all summer the mother was sick—nigh to death some of the time—and doctors and help had to be paid, and the washing hired out, etc. So their reserve fund melted away, and when several weeks ago work failed, they were immediately in straits. They soon had not a penny to pay their rent, (which is $9 a month,) or to buy food.

One of Father Hawley's twenty-five cent soup pieces (of which he distributed 1,200 last year,—they each make eight meals for a small family, he calculates), was boiling on the stove, over some of his coal, and they were feeling comfortable that

stormy afternoon, though it was plain to see, downhearted. But he cheered them up, and spoke of better times coming, and we passed on to Pine st., where we called on a colored family consisting of husband, wife, and four children, and inhabiting as comfortless an abode as I ever saw. The man is, and has been for a good while, the greater part of each year laid up with rheumatism. It was with the utmost pain and difficulty, that with the help of two canes he got up out of his chair. His disease he contracted in the army (he was a soldier of the 25th Connecticut Regiment), and he will probably never recover from it. His wife, as we went in, was lying on a sofa extemporized out of three chairs and a pillow, and, to welcome us, she rose to a sitting posture, but could not stand up on account of lameness. She has a fever sore, or something of the kind, on one of her feet, and *has* had it for a long time.

Of her, Father Hawley said, that she was one of the most industrious, hard-working women he ever knew—willing to do anything that lay in her power to support the family, and doing it always up to the last mark of her ability. He said that he had seen her washing again and again, standing on one foot, with her lame foot resting in a chair behind her. He said that he had known her go out to days' works, leaving a very little babe at home, whose necessities were supplied during her absence, from the kindly breast of a neighbor mother. These were Christian people, and Father Hawley said that he had witnessed few more happy Christian deaths in

all his experience than that of a little girl of theirs, thirteen years old, who died a year ago. He certainly doesn't put a premium on laziness to help *that* family a little. On ——— street we called on a woman—an American again—whose husband left her and their three children, three months ago, and she does not know where he is. He had been a drinking man, but otherwise, in the main had been kind enough, but when he deserted them they were utterly helpless. Her landlord, to his praise be it spoken, had assured her that she should not be turned out for want of rent money. But they had "gnawed the crib," as Father Hawley put it, before she came to him, and when she did come, it was stealthily, with her face veiled—she was so ashamed to do it. He gave her something, and said he would call and see what her condition was, as is his universal custom, before doing more. She begged off from that piteously, pleading that that would let all the neighbors know how reduced her circumstances were. She had a pride about it. But he went, as he felt he *ought* to, unannounced, and found her, her children being away at school, sitting in the window for sun-warmth. (This window has a Madeira vine growing out of a broken dish, trained all over it, and the room is as tidy as can be.) She was sitting, as I say, in the sun to keep warm, for the day was not very cold, only raw and chilly, and she had let the fire go out, to save fuel.

I think we can afford *her* a little something too. But I must stop here, though if there were time I could draw still further from the notes I took while

on that pathetic round. I will say nothing about the things that made a numerous filling in by the way the whole afternoon—the people Father Hawley stopped and spoke to—clients that he chanced to meet—what he said to them, and they to him, and what he told me about them, for I want to report some observations I made in his office.

Father Hawley's office is a place that every one ought to visit, though for that matter it is of too narrow dimensions, as hardly to bear a rush of visitors, over and above its regular patrons. Its furniture is far from splendid, mostly tinkered, if not constructed, by Father Hawley's own hand.

But thert, for one thing, you will see a stock of clothing, that is, to say the least, the most *pathetic* stock of clothing in town. It was for transactions in that department (for unlike other establishments, this has the best trade in the hardest times) that a very large proportion of the customers whom I saw there, called. It was not very late in the forenoon when I arrived, but there had already been there, on one and another errand of poverty, and gone away, ninety-one persons by actual count, and as many more, I should think, came while I was there. It is there especially that one can see how complete an acquaintance with the poor—how large a knowledge of them personally—Father Hawley has, and what discrimination he makes on the strength of it.

Some applicants he dismissed at sight, immediately, with a refusal, that was never rude, yet peremptory. "No, no, nothing for you," was all he

said to quite a number, and he had a reason to give for it in every case.

Not infrequently, he tells me, men come in, and in a bullying way *demand* money and what-not of him, with threats of violence in case of refusal, and with such he makes very short work; as he must. But toward the large majority his manner was as kindly and delicately considerate, as feeling every way, as if he had never heard the tale of want before, instead of having been in the daily and almost hourly habit of it, for a score of years. A great many *children* came, all of whom he seemed to know, at least as soon as they gave their names, and he beamed upon every one of them with the face of a friend. And he mixed a good deal of genial pleasantry with his benevolence, so that one sitting by, what time he did not feel like crying, felt like laughing. One little fellow came in shuffling along on his small stockingless feet a huge pair of brogans full of holes, and run down at the heels, and he wanted a pair of shoes. "Shoes!" exclaimed Father Hawley, "why, it seems to me that you've got more than you want to carry *now!*" but he got his shoes. A young girl with a ragged gown, and a shawl over her head, came forward. A conference ensued, of which, though it was carried on in an undertone, I overheard this fragment: "I would like a balmoral, sir, if you please," and somehow that touch of nature started my tears. Next, a small girl, pushing a smaller boy before her, obtained audience. The petition preferred by the older was in behalf of the younger. "He wants some pants,"

she said, very bashfully. "Pants!" said Father Hawley, taking a look; "but he wears dresses." "Yes," she replied, "he does now, but he *wants* some pants." That was it, poor little fellow, the time for the grand change had come, and his whole heart was in it. It was a picture to see his dancing eyes, as Father Hawley, after a rummage among his stock, dangled a patched and faded garment, of the kind desired, before him, and the two went off perfectly happy. I thought how different were the circumstances under which my little boy ascended to the same dignity.

Another little girl, who came bare-headed, departed crowned with a red velvet hat, which, though much worn, was still bright-colored, and *she* was happy.

And so the business went on, in a succession of like incidents that were fit to break one's heart with a mingled sense of pathos and ludicrousness. Poor coming *for* the poor.

There were plenty of other more serious cases. There was, for instance, one woman, whom Father Hawley received with the respect due to a lady, who, as he told me, had led an heroic life of sacrifice for many years, first in supporting and caring for her old mother and her invalid sister, and subsequently, when they had died, in battling with misfortunes that befell her after marriage, till now, in broken health, she had to ask for help. And there was another—a widow—who by the aid of the three and one-half dollars a week her daughter, twelve years old, earned in a factory, had, till lately, managed to squeeze along, but was now, by the failure of work,

unable to do so any longer. These were not the stories *they* told (for they said little, and came only to draw their pittance), but what Father Hawley told *about* them. I noticed that he sent a considerable number of applicants to the selectmen of the town, to make known their wants to them ; but some, like these last, he explained, he did not require to seek town aid, for the reason that they were respectable people, in temporary straits, who could not bear to think of becoming town poor. It was worth while, for the sake of keeping up their pride and courage, to save them from it. And do you not agree with him?

Of this thing the obervations from which I have been quoting convinced me more profoundly than ever, though I was convinced of it before, viz., that the work of Father Hawley in this city is a grand work of Christian charity, in which he ought to be supported by all needful sympathy and coöperation. He is not the *only* one who is doing good to the poor, but he is, in an especial manner, the one *we* should fellowship, and make our representative. He is a great economy to us as citizens. The authorities of the town depend upon him, to a very large extent, for a judgment as to what they shall do, in multitudes of instances, in relieving poverty. They do this wisely. They do it because he has knowledge upon the subject, and clear-eyed discretion.

And he is all the while, with his other work, accomplishing a ministry of temperance and religion. His alms and his prayers go together, and he lifts up many a poor soul ready to perish in sin. He

does this, by the way, as he has opportunity, because he loves to do it. He probably works as many hours in the day, and as hard, as any man in the city, whoever he be. His heart is with the poor; he makes their cause his own; he cares for them; he is identified with them, so much so, that what is done for them he feels as if it was done for him. He is a man whom we ought to know. He is a man whom we ought to look after personally. The thing that has kept him here all these years, has been his feeling that it was necessary for the poor that he should stay. Like many another unselfish man, he has gone about on his mission, not half appreciated, and sometimes absurdly criticised and misunderstood. And now he is getting on in years, and growing somewhat weary, he needs more than ever to be assured of our remembrance of him. Let us, when we have the chance, cheer the dear old man with some token that we recognize his excellence and usefulness. It will refresh and strengthen him.

IN MEMORIAM.

The labors of a noble life have ceased;
And he whom Jesus loved, has heard a voice
From heaven, saying unto him, "Well done,
Thou good and faithful servant; enter now
The joy of heaven—thine everlasting rest."
Earth's lowliest pathways were his daily walks.
The sad and suffering ones his constant care.
Like Jesus, "went about to do them good,"
Most self-forgetful in his chosen work,
And now at last his "glorious time" has come!
The voice he heard,
Oh! 'twas the welcome summons, "Come up higher!"
And gazing upward—lo, "the gates ajar!"
And, through the glittering portals, angels wait
To bear him home! And answering, "Lo, I come!"
With joyful haste obeyed. And now he walks
The golden streets—the New Jerusalem—
Clad in white robes—"Forever with the Lord!"

C.

FATHER HAWLEY.

THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES — PUBLIC SERVICES AND ADDRESSES, FEBRUARY 3D, 1876.

After the short services at the late residence of Father Hawley, the body was removed to the parlors of the Pearl Street Church, where it lay in state till the hour for the exercises in the church to begin—at 2 P. M.—and for nearly four hours there was a constant coming and going of visitors, all classes being represented, and several thousand persons must have passed through the room. The body was inclosed in a rich, though plainly ornamented casket, and upon the plate was simply the name, "David Hawley," and his age—sixty-seven years. The face was natural as one studied its expression; yet there was so much of speaking character in it during life, that the composure of death changed it so that at first sight it seemed an unlikeness—sickness and suffering had of course wrought some changes; still, it was "Father Hawley" to the multitude which marched by and paused at the casket. Long before the hour named for the services in the church to begin, people took their places in the audience room, which filled gradually up to 2 o'clock, when every available part was com-

pletely occupied, room being made for many by the use of camp-stools. There were tasteful drapings of black around the galleries, and in front of and about the altar, in front of which were many beautiful floral offerings which friends had sent in. Directly below the pulpit-desk hung a large anchor of white flowers, and below was a massive cross and crown surmounted by other elaborate pieces of floral work—all exceedingly appropriate, and of the choicest kind of flowers. Among those who contributed these beautiful gifts were E. H. Fenn, who gave the large crown and cross; Colonel George P. Bissell, an anchor; Miss Antoinette Phelps, a cross; Mrs. Anna T. Slosson, a cross; T. McClunie, the large anchor; J. H. Ranney, basket of leaves; McClunie Brothers, roses and wheat; David Spear, callas and violets; and others, whose cards did not appear.

THE SERVICES.

The services were opened by singing by a select choir—composed of Mrs. Huntington, Mrs. Andrus, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Munson, Mrs. Atkins, Mr. Huntington, Mr. Woodbridge, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Hastie, Mr. Francis,—the following hymn:

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
Nearer my home, to-day, am I
Than e'er I've been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer my Saviour's glorious throne;
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;
Nearer to gain the crown.

Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my power of faith!
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

This was followed by the reading of Scriptures by the Rev. Mr. Northrop of the Fourth Church, the selections being as follow: Luke, 10th chapter, from the 25th to the 37th verses; James, 1st chapter, 27th verse; the 23d Psalm, entire; Revelation, 22d chapter, 1st to 5th verses. Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Mr. Gage, and the Rev. Mr. Twichell of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church made an address substantially as follows:

MR. TWICHELL'S ADDRESS.

I have been asked to say a few words here to-day. But what shall we say at the funeral of our dear friend—what can we say? It is all unspeakable; whether we refer to ourselves or whether we refer to him, it is all unspeakable. As on all such occasions, our first impulse is to turn our eyes inward and think of how we feel and contemplate our own thoughts. We feel to-day—I feel it, and I know I express the feeling of all when I say it—that I am very much occupied with confessing to myself, and professing to myself how much, how much, how much, I loved Father Hawley. How much I thought of him, how much I reverenced him; what immeasurable admiration and respect I had for him, and

how deep my feeling is. And perhaps this feeling is heightened, as, alas! it so often is in similar cases, by the thought that there is a large arrears of what was due and was not paid; that there is something behind, and a great deal behind, in the way of debt in this respect. Oh, how often it is so, and it is so emphatically to-day. And I feel as if I would like to stand and call out to Father Hawley passing in through the gates of Paradise, "Oh, Father Hawley, you don't know, you never knew how much I thought of you." We never told it; we never could tell it as it was. We might have said something more about it than we did, but it is too late; the time is gone by for that. What we should say in that way would do the dead no good. Thank God, he does not need it, and it would be for our own relief more than anything else if we could treat ourselves after that fashion. It is more fit on this occasion—and I will say to Father Hawley's own feelings—that we turn our contemplation from ourselves and our state of mind, more upon him and the feelings that dwelt in him. But viewing him in that attitude, and in the character in which he appeared before this Christian public for so many years, on the whole—though we have many devoted servants in the Lord Jesus Christ in our midst—yet, on the whole, he was the most conspicuous and faithful representative of Christian charity in the community. And, by the way, let me say here, that some rich man in this city will miss a grand opportunity if among other statues upon our public grounds, commemorating the men who have honored

our city, there shall not be one provided representing Father Hawley in some characteristic attitude of charity, for that was his characteristic attitude for a whole generation before this public, and, as such, he will always be remembered, and, as such, it is becoming for us to think of him to-day. There was this about the spirit that was in Father Hawley, that it was an ever-increasing one in its power and in its delicacy. At the end of twenty-five years of labor, Father Hawley had a fresher and quicker sympathy with suffering and with sorrow than he had at the beginning. When he had been daily accustomed for twenty-five years to hear the story of woe, it touched him deeper than it did at first. His charity grew more tender, more delicate, more sensitive, and more responsive, the longer he exercised it. It was like God's own, it never wore out, it never wearied. And there is another thing to be said about him: it lived independently of the man. It lived independent of the gratitude of beneficiaries. Such gratitude was manifest to him, and it was the sweetness and joy of his life. The great part of the loving labor of Father Hawley was expended where no gratitude came back, where there was no thanks; but it made no difference to him. Father Hawley's bounty was not lessened in the slightest degree, from the fact that it was not accepted with thanks. It was not a self-indulgence by which he purchased pleasure for himself. He gave independent of appreciation Here he has been laboring in our midst so many years, not unappreciated—there are those who appreciated him much—but in

a very great degree unappreciated. He went and begged for his folks, and when anything was given to him, he was thankful for it. And oh, the weakness and infirmity of human nature! A very large share of the gifts that were put into Father Hawley's hands to distribute he received as a personal favor, and they were given so to a great extent, not deliberately, but unconsciously. That made no difference to him. He did not move by the inspiration of human appreciation, although it was pleasant to him, although he rejoiced to receive it. No. This spirit of our dear friend, my brethren, was not upon a natural basis at all. It came from heaven, and was replenished from heaven, and was made new by divine grace, whence it first sprung. It was a Christian spirit in Father Hawley—it was a distinctly Christian spirit—and in all his life and in these exhibitions of his character in charity which were continually before us, he set forth and represented, and so made a commentary upon the relations in which, as he viewed it, he stood, himself, toward his God.

Father Hawley was a Christian man. Father Hawley was a man who had been upon his knees in agony and tears before God and asked for forgiveness. Father Hawley was a man who knew what it was to have a lowly and penitent heart. And when he showed mercy to others, it was as one to whom the majesty and bounty of Heaven had stooped to supply his wants. Father Hawley dealt with man as he felt God had dealt with him, and he carried that feeling all through his life of Christian charity.

The inspiration, the constant source of his diligence, and the singleness of purpose with which he devoted himself to it, was the feeling that God had freely given to him, and it was meet and fitting that he should freely give to others. Father Hawley could go to a wicked man in the woe of his sins and weep over him, and sorrow with him, and love him like a brother, though he was most unworthy, because God in that manner, in the Lord Jesus Christ, had come to him and wept over him and sorrowed for him in the way of his sins; and in his character as a dispenser of charity he represented the spirit of Christ Himself.

And now I want to say to you, dear brethren, that Father Hawley has done in all these years a great service for the cause of Christ in this city, and the Christian Church in this city, in that he has set forth in living form the likeness of the Lord Jesus Christ; and our Christian religion is weak, weak, for lack of more representation of that sort, and we are in a great loss to-day because he is gone. Oh, who shall exhibit as it has been exhibited, the pity of the loving heart of Christ toward sinful and needy man! Where is the man? Oh, we are all wanting a new consecration, and I feel as though I would like to say to all that great multitude of people who seldom come to the house of God—I trust some of them are here to-day, and am sorry they are not all here—I would like to say here in the presence of Father Hawley's remains, and in the memory of his look and voice, remembering the trembling tenderness and love with which he was accustomed to look

upon them, and the voice with which he was accustomed to speak to them in their hearts, I would like to say, dear friends, it was Christ in him ; Christ is like that ; that is the Lord Jesus Christ. We have not shown it ; alas, all our preaching and all our giving has been feeble. Oh ! too feeble to reveal Christ to you. But as sure as you live, and as sure as God's Word is true, the Lord Jesus Christ is like that, and he will be to you now that Father Hawley has gone, he will be to your souls, now and for evermore, all that you had reason to know—and immeasurably more, as God is greater than man—that Father Hawley himself would have been. So, I say unto you, believe in Him, believe in Christ, for Christ is like him. And I want to say that for my part, God grant that my soul may hereafter be with the soul of David Hawley. "My soul be with thine," said a man who stood by and witnessed one of the most glorious martyrdoms the Church has ever known ; "My soul be with thine." So I say, my soul and all our souls be with the soul of David Hawley.

The Rev. C. R. Fisher read a hymn, in which the congregation was requested to join, announcing as he read it that it was the favorite hymn of Father Hawley. It was the familiar words—

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

And was sung by the select choir and congregation to the tune of Dennis.

The Rev. E. H. Richardson of the Center Church, then spoke:

MR. RICHARDSON'S REMARKS.

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." I used to think that our Saviour's reference there in the word "die," was that sort of death that our Father Hawley has lately experienced, which after all is not death according to the pronunciations of our blessed Lord, who says: "He that liveth and believeth on me shall never die." Now, in this dying of our dear Father Hawley, there is indeed a bringing forth of much fruit. The effect of this scene can never pass away from the hearts of those whose eyes have viewed it, or rather from the hearts of those who have been deep and tender participants in it, as is true of every heart in this house, and I may say, I think with

truth, of every heart in this large city. I do not believe there is one whose heart has not been touched, and the effect of it cannot but impart to a hungry and thirsting body, a better manhood and a truer likeness to the Lord Jesus Christ. The effect of death is to plant in the arch of the whole history, the keystone so that whereas it was fragmentary before, though it was beautiful and comely in proportion and divine in its promise, it now is presented to us in completeness, and besides all that, there is no danger of that work being marred—a completed life that is being completed by him who is the Maker of all things. But that dying that our Lord Jesus alluded to as so fruitful, is it not a dying that transpired years ago, when we became dear to Him? I think, my dear friends, that we fail to improve this occasion, as he whose heart was so made up of benevolence and love to others would wish us to improve it, if we did not claim him here as his living representative,—as the workmanship of Jesus Christ. I cannot look upon those expressions of true love and sincere veneration that are so often made on occasions like this,—and that are uttered before me, as uttered for us, echoing in all our hearts,—in the light which they are sometimes viewed; but they seem to me when such words of praise and expressions of veneration and affection are uttered, the virtues of the deceased being mentioned, that it is one of the ways of glorifying our precious Lord, our blessed Saviour, who not only reveals God, but who is also the instrument through which the divine power acts on man, the

power of God unto salvation. I think we can claim Father Hawley as the workmanship of Jesus Christ. He shows us what the Saviour can do and out of what materials He can do it. Now, it may be in the hearts of some poor child of sorrow and sin,—and we are of them if we see ourselves as we are,—that it must have been out of a better grade than ordinary that Father Hawley was constructed; that he could not at the outset have been of like passions with ourselves, so selfish, so given to self-indulgence; so fond of the world; so pleasantly occupied in scraping together as much of the glittering dust of the world and securing as much of the pleasures as possible; it must have been better; he must have been born on a higher level; it was a singular workmanship of the creative power that put this man down into the world. But he was like ourselves; he was a child of Adam; he was a member of a race that has fallen; and what he was, he was by the virtue of the power of the Lord Jesus Christ through the Holy Ghost working in him. That is why he is here to-day in the midst of roses and of honors; in the midst of the perfumery of affection; in the midst of the exhalations of all these sorrows; in the midst of these emblems of mourning and woe; in the midst of these sighs and tears that utter not themselves or manifest not themselves, so that we can see them and hear them, but are so really, in places where his sacred feet used so often to tread, bearing along with them the image and benefactions of the Master. Here is this Father Hawley, beloved, reverenced of all and of

whom we say, "May my soul spend its eternity with David Hawley;" because the grace of God through Jesus Christ wrought so effectually in him. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit," for this triumph of grace. And now, my dear friends, there is a great deal of comfort for us here; we are here for our comfort; and is it not divine comfort to look down upon this face so sweet and so restful in death, and to realize that if it was the grace of God that made him what he was, then the grace of God to us, to you, and to me, may be the same grace of God that it was to Father Hawley? And therefore it is a sort of gospel; it is the Lord Jesus Christ given to us in the utterings by His prophets of good news; it is something in the recollection of which, or celebration of which, better had this church been draped with cloth of white and with emblems of joy and rejoicing, from one point of view, than with these emblems of sorrow, because out of his rest, out of his sleep, out from those still speaking lips, he tells the possibility of humanity through the Lord Jesus Christ; and there is no one here, there is not one forsaken, one desolate, one decayed, one ruined, one almost lapsed into woe that is final, to whom we will not say: Look at him who commanded your reverence and honor and your love, and who disarmed passion, and who sealed up the lips of slander, such as few men could. As he was, so through His grace upon whom all sinners like you and like me depend, like unto him you also may be. And so it shows us, dear friends, what we can do. When that woman who addressed some of us a few evenings ago spoke of her who,

in the midst of a crowded street, waited by the sidewalk thrusting a staff or stick that she held in her hand into a muddy pool by the curbstone, and moving it back and forth until she had attracted the attention of all passers-by, and finally removed the silks and velvets from her fair arm and thrust it down into the muddy, black waters of the pool, and still sought therein until at length, before the wondering eyes of all, she held up a precious jewel that she knew was down there in the pool, it seems to me that it was a discovery of a great truth. For what are we who are ministers of Jesus Christ sent here in the world, that we may labor upon the stalk and substance that is furnished by humanity to the erection of such men as Father Hawley? These men who go abroad in their self-denial, not counting their repose and their rest as too sacred to be disturbed, Sabbath after Sabbath, as Good Samaritans in name and character, and endeavoring, pleading with the fallen—they are making such men as he was, who are to shine gloriously forever with him, who but manifest their possibilities through Jesus Christ. Every mother to whom God has given the precious boon of maternity has the possibility, under God, of presenting the world with a man—if not with the compass of his powers or with the peculiarity of goodness of his—of a man who shall have the same spirit and according to his proper measures and gifts, exhibit the same Jesus in the loveliness of a Christian life of benefaction. Every father, every schoolteacher in our schools, is addressed here to-day; every one who instructs the young in places where

the power of his personality may inure to the erection of another living temple inhabited by Jesus Christ; every magistrate, every ruler, every man performing any public function, is addressed here to-day. Having public place, in a position of power and trust, is to have the opportunity of being a power for Christ to the erection of such men as Father Hawley. That is, such in spirit, to fill some important place appointed them of God. And on the other hand, dear friends, we see why that hymn that we sung was Father Hawley's favorite hymn; why he went on his way singing; why he sat there in his office behind that rude desk or table, humming that hymn to himself—

> "A charge to keep I have,
> A God to glorify."

We see what made him steady and continuous, persevering, unwearied in the work, still holding on; we see the secret of it all in this: "The workmanship that I am permitted to employ myself about is a workmanship which, if complete, shall be to the praise of the glory of His grace who first trusted in Christ." We see, too, in this the reason for that hymn being a favorite hymn, because of the baneful power of evil. We might ask, What will become of such workmen? We see, with indignation sometimes, those who take the precious jewels of Christ, that might be developed and carried forward in virtuous usage, and trample them into the mire of the street, out of the golden treasure of immortal souls that Christ died for, that they may make a merchan-

dise that shall inure to their own benefit and mournful pleasure for a little while. Ah, the lesson that comes to us to-day! We will go away; we will remember what we have seen; we will, as we visit various places about the city, as we visit low places, places of desolation, places of want, and places of poverty, remember him. To remember this form, it hardly needs to be put in monumental marble—certainly not for this generation. As often as we are reminded of him, let us meditate upon the love, meditate upon this trophy of the power of Christ; meditate upon the promise that comes from it, so we may be docile and learn the dignity of humanity from it; and learn to be, oh, how thankful to our blessed Lord that we are permitted yet to live a little while longer in the world, that we may preach and exemplify that religion of Jesus that is so progressive, and more and more abundantly enriches the world with this royal workmanship of the blessed Son of God. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. Amen.

MR. BLISS'S REMARKS.

Mr. E. W. Bliss, President of the State Street Good Samaritan Society, was introduced by Mr. Gage, and spoke briefly. He said: Father Hawley—yes, indeed he was a father—a father to many a home where sin and suffering were. A father to many, and never one so burdened with sin and care but what his great heart went out with loving sympathy and compassion. How often have I seen some poor soul come with sin and shame, and about

to tell a long story in excuse of it, when Father Hawley would stop him and say: "Do not do so any more? I know the story. You have fallen; you have sinned. What can I do for you?" And with that tender father's care, he administered to their wants so many times. Oh, yes, indeed, we have lost a friend and a father. Many a one will weep to-day because Father Hawley is gone. He was the one to whom they could go with all their troubles and trials; he the only one they could appeal to. Dear brothers and sisters, may not the doors that have been open so often to receive him, be opened to-day and let the Lord Jesus Christ come in? Oh, may not our hearts feel that the Lord Jesus will come and make good this loss by the power of the Holy Ghost!

The Rev. J. A. Hodge, of the Capitol Avenue Presbyterian Church, read the closing hymn—

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
Thou art not called away before thy time;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

Go to the grave; for there the Saviour lay
In death's embraces ere He rose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

After the singing of which the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. N. J. Burton, of the Park

Church. The burial took place at Cedar Hill cemetery, the following named gentlemen acting as bearers : George M. Welch, George P. Bissell, T. W. Russell, Stephen C. Brownell, Roland Swift, and J. G. Griswold.

[From the Rochester, N. Y., Democrat, Feb. 2d.]

A NOBLE LIFE.

There died in Hartford, on Monday of this week, a man who was hardly known beyond the confines of two cities. He gained no laurels amid the tumults of camps. He avoided the honors which crown the professions. He bore no prominent part in the strifes of politics. He was not learned in the lore of books, and had upon his lips nothing of what the world calls eloquence. He did his duty quietly, and as quietly passed to his reward. A brief paragraph in the dispatches, announcing his death, attracted no attention from the busy multitudes. And yet this man was a hero of the most exalted type. He was so recognized by those who could appreciate the work he did in this world. With them his name will always be a holy memory.

Years ago the attention of this man was attracted to the needs of the poorer classes of an eastern city. He saw the squalor and the misery, the vice and the suffering that burdened their lives. His sympathies were keen, and his mission was determined. He went among them—a gracious presence. There was benediction in his mien. He sought a knowledge of their ways, and gained their confi-

dence. Into his ear they poured their tales of distress. He bound their wounds and alleviated their sorrows. He brought strength to the weak, consolation to the afflicted, mercy to the abandoned. None were so vile as to be beyond the pale of his sympathies. None were so desolate that they did not find in him a friend. No heart was so hardened as not to yield at his approach. He had not studied theology in the schools, and yet no one could unfold the gospel message with more of pathos and of power. He distributed good, religious tracts, telling men how to find the road to heaven, but he also garnished empty boards with loaves of bread, and clothed the destitute with comfort. He had small faith in preaching to hungry stomachs or naked bodies.

Year after year, as a city missionary, this man went about on errands of mercy. The poor learned to love him, and the rich respected him. He had no training in oratory, as we have said, but he spoke from the heart to the heart. Thus he lifted up the dissolute to the plane of a true manhood. Thus he unfolded the plan of salvation to those who gladly received it. Thus, also, he appealed to the charities of the prosperous, by his simple tales of the want and suffering he had witnessed. In crowded assemblies, we have seen every eye glisten with tears, and every benevolent impulse quickened, as he related, in artless manner, the facts that had come under his observation. And he had also that lambent humor which is never absent from a generous nature. There were touches of wit in his speeches that

Dickens might have envied. There was an eloquence to which Everett might in vain aspire.

The cities where he dwelt learned not only to love, but also to rely upon him. Threading the alleys, traversing the streets, penetrating all abodes, he came to know the impostor as well as the deserving. They who needed help always obtained it; but he could detect, with an eye as bright as it was sympathetic, those who impose upon the charities of the community and seek to rob the public of the living they themselves can earn. So the pastors of congregations, and the guardians of the poor-funds, came to rely upon him for the information which saved them from squandering the funds of which they were custodians. These will bear willing witness to the value of his labors, even materially considered. Upon their value, in a moral and in a spiritual sense, no estimate can be placed.

It was our high privilege to know this good man—this hero of humanity—and to know something of the nobility of his mission. It was not a mission which moved amid applause. It gained nothing from the incitements of ambition. It was as unostentatious as it was pure. It was not informed by what the world is pleased to call genius, but it was abundantly informed by the genius of self-sacrifice. No other reward would it claim, but the consciousness of duty done—that sweet communion which the Father accords to those who do his will. This life is ended. The hurrying masses pause not to note its consummation. No fulsome eulogies mark its close. No stately marble will commemorate its

virtues, but in the hearts of the lowly its record will endure. Upon the minds of those who could comprehend it, its influence rests. Upon the cities, unto which it ministered, its benison has descended. There was one saint less on earth when David Hawley died.

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